

Helljumper: Feet First Into Hell

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Summary: An ODST team lead by Abel battle through the Halo universe, but Abel is hiding something. What happens when his past catches up with him? Will his squad accept him or shun him. Violence and gore.

Helljumper: Feet First Into Hell

I don't own Halo, and all the characters so far are of my own creation.

FEET FIRST INTO HELL.

* * *

><p>The screeching sounds of superheated metal reached the trooper's ears as he descended from the atmosphere into the planet below in his tear-shaped drop pod. The shaking and rattling making the trooper grit his teeth.<p>

_Feet first into hell, _the trooper thought.

The interior computers and systems were going off the charts, filling his suit with data. Vitals, status, trajectory, impact velocity, all these things were shown to the trooper in his fall. The screeching of metal was cut off with a sudden and violent impact of the pod hitting the ground, and inside the pod the soldier's visor darkened.

The hatch flew open and the trooper stormed out of the scarred pod, unleashing a barrage of bullets from his weapon, a silenced M7S submachine gun. Its compact size, sleek feel, major stopping power, and the silent burst of bullets it could unleash made the gun a great gun for a soldier such as he. The trooper could also feel the weight and slight movement constriction, of his sniper rifle, the, SRS99D-S2 AM It resembled the NTW-20 from the 21st century. At his hip he had his M6G PDWS, a nasty little handgun that could ruin someone's day. And finally he had his combat knife, a 20 centimeter blade, a decidedly frightening thing to go against; it was attached to his

chest coming down diagonally from his left shoulder towards his right hip.

Explosions sent shrapnel everywhere. Gunfire cut down other troopers. Medics assisted the wounded, dragging them out of the way of fire. The trooper, reaching a wall, replaced his M7S with his sniper. Picking off his enemies with precision, the trooper annihilated many enemy soldiers, making a way for more of the other squads in this operation able to move ahead and start clearing out buildings. Com chatter came over his radio system.

"Abel! That you taking down the nests?" the trooper's CO yelled over comms.

"Yes, sir." came Abel's cool reply.

"Well good thing, those nests were making it damn difficult to move!" the CO said, "Do you have a read on my location?"

"Yes, sir." Abel responded.

"Get over here, we are moving to the objective." the CO ordered.

Pillar cleared out one more building before taking off to the location laid out on his tac-map. Dodging bullets and explosions, Abel made it to a small building that held most of his squad.

"About damn time!" The CO barked.

Marik, the CO was a man with very strong features, blonde hair was starting to become longer coming past his ears, and Marik had blue piercing eyes that would make anyone but the most hardened Helljumper cringe. Abel liked the CO, he was a respectable man. Abel nodded his head, while scanning the group. Three of their number were missing, presumably dead.

"Ok, so here we are," the CO said, pointing at a holomap, "and this is where we need to go. A reminder, destruction of the factory is plan B if plan A goes to shit. I want Abel and Abram to take Ram, Pillar, and Vale to the flank over here. Sid and Ray, take Reddon, Caste, and Killmore over to the other flank. I'll take the rest of the Helljumpers and go up the middle... everyone got that?" Everyone present nodded, "Good. Ok, Helljumpers, how do we go to hell?"

"Feet first!" Cried the ODST troopers.

Everyone dispersed into their assigned groups.

"Ok, you heard what we have to do, we will do it." Abel said coolly, "Everyone prepped and ready?"

Everyone nodded.

"Good, we will wait till Marik gives the go ahead."

Abel and his group moved to an exit and awaited the orders to initiate the plan.

"Why do you suppose they do this?" Abram asked.

"Who does what?" Abel asked.

"You know the insurgence, why do they have to fight against us? They should know they'll lose." Abram answered.

"I'm not sure, maybe it's because we are forcing them to believe what we believe." Abel pointed out.

"Yeah, but..." Abram didn't seem to know how to convey his words.

Abram was a short stocky man, with a dark tan, black hair that was shaved close to his head, his eyes were black, and he sported a small scar that ran from the underside of his right eye to his chin.

Crackling came over his helmet mic, "Everyone ready?"

"Ready." Replied the two other squad leaders.

"Alright Helljumpers, get your asses moving we have to take that base." Marik commanded.

_And into hell we go again, _Abel thought.

"Come one guys! I have money on us not being the last ones there!" Pillar yelled.

Abel and Abram lead the way out of the small building and into an alleyway that lay to the side of their objective. The alley was filled with dark windows and rundown buildings, trash and refuse were littered everywhere.

"Engaging." a voice said over the comms.

"Must be Sid's group, lucky bastards." Vale said to no one in particular.

The squad continued to scan and press forward drawing closer to their objective. The mission was to take a weapons factory the UNSC had been using, nothing they hadn't done before, and something they would probably do again at a later time.

"Contact." Abel stated, unleashing a small burst of fire from his submachine gun, The three man team that had popped their heads out of cover, and were preparing to fire, were riddled with bullets. The men fell to the ground silently, in a heap that barely resembled human remains.

"Nice." Vale whispered as he poked one of the bodies.

A beeping sound could be heard from one of the bodies.

"Get out of the way!" Abel yelled as he tackled Vale.

An explosion threw the troopers to the ground, shredding and destroying.

"Fuck." Ram yelled, "Yeah, I'm hit."

Abel looked at Ram to see what had happened. Ram lay on his back, his left arm clenched over his stomach, which had blood pouring out of it.

"Vale, help him." Abel commanded, "Pillar, help Vale move him off the street, and into that house." Abel motioned to a worn house, with gray walls.

Abel kicked the door open and cleared the house making sure nothing unexpected was there to kill them.

"Its clear move him in."

Vale and Pillar moved Ram into the building.

"We need to move. Vale, are you going to be able to take care of you and him?" Abel asked.

"Yes sir, you guys continue." Vale answered, "And sir, kick their asses."

Abel smirked a little behind his visor.

"Take care, we will be back to get you." Abel promised.

The rest of the squad continued to down the alleyway, making good progress towards their objective. The objective came into view after a short uneventful trek.

"Pillar you've had training with a sniper correct?" Abel asked.

"Yes sir, I have, I was third in my class." Pillar replied.

"Good, you are on over watch. Abram, you and I will be setting the charges." Abel said as he handed Pillar his sniper rifle.

"Alright." Abram readied himself.

Pillar climbed up some rubble to a second story of a nearly collapsed building. Abel and Abram both prepped their explosives and detonators.

"Sir, we have five foot soldiers, and a civilian vehicle with a mounted machine gun. Permission to open fire?" Pillar asked.

"Permission granted, stay safe, and move around after a few shots, don't want them killing you." Abel said.

The thunderous sound of God's Right hand, the SRS99D-S2 AM, could be heard. And with this near deafening sounds came the cries of the rebels.

"Ready?" Abel asked.

"Ready." Abram replied

Abel sprinted around the building heading towards the factory, he could see pieces of what had been the vehicle Pillar was talking

about. It was now a black and flaming ruin; bodies could be seen inside the vehicle, burnt black and desperate as they had tried to get out of the blazing inferno.

Abel dropped several rebels on his way from cover to cover, Abram adding to the number of dead. Abel and Abram separated when they reached the outer wall of the factory, and started placing the explosives.

"All set, what about you Abram?" Abel asked.

"One more-"

An explosion could be heard in Abram's direction.

"Abram?" Abel shouted his question into his mic.

"Damn, what the hell?" Came Abram's confused voice.

"Report." Abel commanded, as he finished placing the last explosive to the wall.

"One of the explosives self-detonated." Abram said.

"You hurt?" Abel asked.

"No sir just confused." Abram said, "That shouldn't have happened."

"Marik, we have planted the explosives, and are awaiting the confirmation to enter." Abel stated over the comms, "Abram we need to get out of the open, back to Pillar."

The two soldiers moved back to the building Pillar had entered and climbed the rubble. Pillar sat against the wall the rifle lying across his lap, he raised his hand and waved as Abel and Abram entered the dilapidated building.

"Well looks like we were the first ones here and I win the bet." Pillar stated when Abel and Abram gathered around him.

"Who'd you bet anyway?" Abram asked.

"Alpha. They said Nomad couldn't beat them to the factory."

"Hmmm, they should know better than to bet against us." Abram said.

"Damn right." Pillar said.

The men sat at different openings in the buildings walls scanning for a counterattack from the rebels, their visors no longer tinted the dark silver that had been.

"Abel, you guys still there?" Vale asked over comms.

"Yeah, how's Ram?"

"Stable, but he has lost a lot of blood." Vale said, "We need to evac him soon or he won't make it."

"Oh hell, I'm fine just give me a gun and I'll fight." came Ram's voice.

"If you move too much you will die. Do you want to die before you can kill anything?" Vale questioned

Ram was quiet for a little while, "Fine. But as soon as I get better I call point on our next patrol."

"Good, we are almost done here anyway; just need the go-ahead from Marik to start infiltrating the factory." Abel said.

"Abel, this is Marik, we need some assistance, the rebels have a tank and its keeping us pinned down." Marik's voice boomed over the comms.

"On it," Abel said looking at his tac-map for the location of the CO, "Pillar, Abram, you hear that?" both men nodded, "Ok Pillar you stay here and watch for anyone that's not us, Abram you're with me."

Abel and Abram left the ruined building advancing towards the rebels flank.

After a short hike to the location Abel and Abram entered a small ruined building overlooking the kill zone and tank, and began making plans for how they were going to take the tank.

"It's surprising the rebels even know how to use the tank." Abram stated.

"Doesn't matter we need to take it from them. We don't have any rockets, or explosives. So looks like we get to do it the old fashioned way." Abel stated.

"Abel do you know how to drive a tank? I sure don't." Abram said.

"Yes." was Abel's reply.

"We could take it and use it against them."

"It was what I was hoping to do." Abel said.

The two men left the building and started a roundabout maneuver to get closer to the tank without being seen. Reaching the tank Abel mounted the back of it moving to the cockpit. The M808B Main Battle Tank, otherwise known as the Scorpion, was a 10 meter long 3 meter wide, 66 metric ton, giant death dealing machine. The Scorpion had four treads instead of just two like the 21-century tank; it had a main cannon that was raised away from the tank itself, giving itself the look of a scorpion. It also held a machine gun turret located right underneath the main gun.

Abel crawled his way to the main cockpit ripping open the metal cage that protected the inhabitant. Drawing his knife Abel stabbed the pilot then threw him out, taking his spot at the controls. Abel saw Abram do the same to the man controlling the machine gun turret.

"Marik, we have taken control of the tank." Abel announced.

"Good!" Marik yelled, explosions and gunfire coming through his mic, "Help kill some of these sons of bitches."

Abel began unleashing hell unto the unsuspecting rebels, blowing them away in a massive display of firepower. People were shredded and torn apart by the explosive ammo being sent at them from the tank. When the smoke cleared and every enemy to Abel lay dead or dying he crawled out of the tank, sitting on the edge and waiting for Marik's squad to climb the rubble to his position.

"Mighty fine display of firepower, it was like God showed his wrath upon our enemies!" someone yelled over comms.

The rest of the squad nodded in agreement.

"Should we take the tank with us?" Abel asked Marik.

"Why not, it would be a good thing to have guarding our backs once we enter the factory." Marik replied, "but we will have Santiago take over for you, and Aegis will take Abram's spot."

"Where's the other squad?" Abram asked.

Marik shook his head, a sure sign that the squad was either dead or captured.

"We will have to find out after the mission is completed." Marik stated, "For now we need to get this done before the rebels can gather their forces and attack again."

With the tank leading the way the ODSF squad began making their way to the factory. It was a slow quiet walk to the factory. It was almost too quiet, there should have been more sound. A crack from a sniper rifle could be heard, and a soldier's head exploded, brain matter and blood splattering the soldiers behind him. ODSF soldiers scrambled for cover, trying to find a way to survive the deadly bullets.

"Sir, the sniper is located at the top of a building spire; do I have permission to destroy the building?" Santiago asked.

"No, there could be civilians in there." Marik said, "Abel, Grace get your asses to that building."

A slim figure separated itself from the main group and headed to Abel's location.

Abel studied the figure trying to remember anything about the soldier. Female, CQB specialist, explosives training, overall a good pick by Marik for the side mission.

Abel and Grace proceeded through a building to a small alleyway that led next to the spire. Nothing happened until they arrived at the destination. Abel readied himself, and Grace retrieved the shotgun she carried from her back, placing her pistol back in its spot.

"Ready." Came her quiet voice.

Abel turned to the door, steadied himself, and viciously kicked it open, breaking the door from its hinges. Grace sprinted in, blowing away an unsuspecting rebel. More shotgun blasts, and cries, followed by the whispers of Abel's SMG. When the fighting stopped, five rebels lay in their own blood, staring into space. Abel and Grace proceeded through the room into a lobby area. Running to the elevator, they rushed to the top level of the ten story building.

"Don't you find it weird that we haven't seen any civilians since we got here?" Grace's faint voice asked.

Abel nodded.

"What happened to them? Or is everyone against us on this planet?" Grace continued.

"We will find out sooner or later, but the mission takes priority." Abel coolly stated.

"Right sir, my apologies, just talking aloud." Grace said.

Abel nodded again and the elevator became quiet, Grace turning to herself for the answers.

A ping could be heard signaling that they had arrived. As soon as the doors opened Abel rushed through to a small hallway with many doors on either side.

Abel rushed ahead towards the last doorway, quietly; he didn't want anything coming out of the other doors. When Abel and Grace arrived at the last door they both went to either side preparing for an entry.

"Ready," came the quiet voice that belonged to Grace.

Abel moved, from his spot next to the door, to facing the door. Instead of kicking it though he rushed in knocking the door aside with his shoulder. He was greeted with a wave of bullets, most sailing around him, but some nicked his armor. He returned fire taking down two insurrectionists in one burst. He controlled his fire taking precise fire, squeeze, release, squeeze, release. More bullets dinged off his armor scarring it. Grace joined in the fray her shotgun shouting out death. Abel saw an insurrectionist split in half, from a well-placed shot by Grace's shotgun, the person fell to the ground his guts hanging out like obscene snakes, pools of blood drenching his clothes.

There was only one insurrectionist left after the fighting finished, he threw his weapon down, surrendering to Abel and Grace.

"Do you speak English?" Abel asked.

The enemy combatant didn't seem to understand. Abel switched to Hungarian.

"Do you speak Hungarian?" Abel said.

"Yes," came the reply from the man, "Devil"

"Hands out, lay down facing the ground," Abel said, then switching to comms, "Marik spire secured, we have a prisoner."

"We can't take him with us. We don't have the time or resources for him. Secure him, and leave him, we'll get him when we are finished." Marik commanded.

"Yes sir." Abel responded.

"We can't leave him here, what if his buddies find him and he gets back in the fight and kills one of us?" Grace voiced her opinion of the command.

"Would you rather we killed him?" Abel responded.

"Iâ€¦. no sir." Grace said.

"Then we will secure him and leave him. But we can leave him incapacitated," Abel said as he reached over to the man and dislocated the man's shoulders.

"Ahhhhh! You BASTARD!" the man screamed.

"You tried killing us, you are lucky to even be alive." Abel said coldly.

Abel bound the man's hands loosely; they didn't want to completely disable the man for life. Grace assisted in trying the man's legs together, then when she finished Abel moved the man to the side of a room and left him there in a sitting position with his back to a wall.

"We'll be back to get you later." Abel said.

Abel and Grace were about to leave the room when an explosion in the hallway sent them to their knees. More insurrectionists were exiting the rooms in the hallway making their way to Abel and Grace. Bullets peppered the walls, and the remaining glass on the window behind Abel shattered and fell away to the ground below.

Abel returned fire, aiming for heads and vitals spots, the whispers of his SMG speaking death to his enemies. Grace was by his side blowing giant holes into any person who got in the way of her shotgun blasts. She looked like an angel of death, dressed in her black ODST armor and blood splattered all over herself.

She removed a grenade from her sling on her shoulder and looked over to Abel for confirmation. He nodded, and with the signal she cocked her arm back and threw the death-dealing device into the hallway. The explosion sent flames and shrapnel in every direction, cutting down enemy soldiers. Abel checked the hallway for any survivors and was rewarded with a bullet slamming into his helmet sending him to his back.

Grace screamed and fired her shotgun, creating a pink mist of the man's head. With the body slumping over no one was left alive in the hallway. Grace knelt next to Abel as he sat up. A hole in his visor and another on the side of his helmet could be seen. Abel grabbed the edges of his helmet and pulled it off his head.

* * *

><p>Grace couldn't help letting a small gasp escape through her mouth as she saw Abel's face. The man never seemed to take off his helmet, even if an area was deemed safe. He had jet black hair that swooped down almost over his right eye. Under the bangs grey piercing eyes met her visor in a steely gaze. His face was handsome, even his scars couldn't hide it. Said scars formed a cross on the left side of his face, one going horizontally from his nose almost touching his ear, the other went from his brow down over his eye, it looked like he was able to see from the eye a lucky break in her opinion, and continued down to his jaw.<p>

_Lucky bastard, _she thought after looking at the damage done to the helmet.

* * *

><p>Grace noticeable relaxed after seeing he wasn't hurt.<p>

"You got really lucky." She stated looking at the entry and exit holes in Abel's helmet.

"I wouldn't say that, now I have to continue without a helmet, and I will most likely become a burden for the rest of the squad." Abel replied.

"Always the mission first for you." She whispered.

"It's what we are made for." Abel said.

"Most of us would just be happy at living through that." She stated.

"I agree, and I am, but I can celebrate later, that factory won't wait for us." Abel said as he stood up, placing his helmet on a hook located on his hip. Abel and Grace left the room heading back to the elevator.

"Marik says that they are moving out, and we are supposed to catch up when we can." Grace said as they entered the elevator.

"Have you told him about my malfunction?" Abel asked.

"He knows, he also said to congratulate you on living." Grace replied.

Abel was quiet after that, waiting for the elevator to descend to the lobby. Another ding signaled that they had arrived at the bottom level, the doors opening and allowing them to leave the building.

Back on the streets Abel and Grace had an easy time tracking their squad, following the path of destruction and tread marks. Bodies filled the street, only one or two belonging to fallen ODST.

Explosions and gunfire could be heard not too far away from Abel's location. At a fast jog Abel and Grace were united with their squad, who were only about 30 meters from the factory's outer wall.

"Abram say, 'looks like we didn't need the explosives to begin with, seeing as we have a tank." Grace relayed to Abel, "Marik wants you, Abram, and me to go to the side you were at earlier."

Abel nodded, waiting for Abram to hook up with them.

When Abram met up with them the first thing he said was, "Nice look you got their Abby."

Abel looked at Abram, not understanding the semi-girly nickname.

"We need to go get Pillar, have you heard anything from Vale or Ram?" Abel asked.

"Ram is definitely in need of evac; Vale has done all he can. And Pillar is still cooped up in the building we left him in." Abram responded.

"Tell them to stay put, we will meet up with Pillar and then go from there."

Grace, Abel, and Pillar moved towards Pillar, scanning every corner and every window. Once they arrived at the building holding Pillar, they signaled for Pillar to join them in the bottom level of the building.

"Ok, so what does Marik want us to do?" Abel asked Abram.

"He said something that we will detonate the explosives from earlier, and rush in and clear the South West corner, and then move from there. He also emphasized that we should take great care not to cause too much damage to the factory." Abram replied.

"Alright, everyone ready?" Abel asked.

The ODST troops nodded.

"Alright let's move we don't want to be the last of Nomad platoon to get this done." Abel commanded.

"Sir! Here's your SR." Pillar yelled before handing Abel the sniper rifle.

"Thank you." Abel said before attaching the sniper to his back and exiting the building.

The team left building. Once they were close enough to storm in but far enough to not be affected by the explosion they stopped.

"Pillar, detonate." Abel commanded.

"Yes sir." Pillar said as he detonated the explosives.

The ensuing blast almost knocked the Helljumpers from their feet.

"What the hell was that?" Abram yelled.

"We must have destroyed something along with the wall." Grace guessed.

"Advance." Abel commanded.

The squad moved to the holes created in the walls of the factory, jumping over debris. They entered the weapons factory and began clearing it out.

"Why haven't we met any resistance?" Pillar asked.

"Ambush?" Grace whispered.

"That would seem likely." Abel stated.

After Nomad finished their sector they moved on to the next, after clearing that and still not finding anything they began to wonder at what was happening.

"Tell Marik we cleared two sectors and haven't found anyone." Abel said to Grace.

"He says they've experienced the same thing." Grace said after a short wait, "He still wants us to clear out the rest of the factory."

"Alright." Abel murmured.

Nomad continued through the rest of the factory, hooking up with the other squads and meeting in the center of the factory.

"Now where do you suppose the rebels are?" Marik asked to no one in particular.

A huge crash and scream of tearing metal could be heard a short ways away. The ODST troops turned towards the sound to see insurrectionist rappelling down from the roof, many already at the bottom opened fire on the ODSTs. An ODST soldier went down, missing half his helmet, and a good portion of his upper body. The rest of the ODST were already in action running for cover and returning fire.

"Where the hell did they come from?" Abram yelled.

"They are everywhere!" an ODST screamed.

Abel kept a constant pressure on his trigger, ripping the enemy combatants to shreds. Abel fell back into cover reloaded, popped back out unloaded his clip taking a good amount of insurrectionists down, and repeated the action.

"Grenade!" and ODST yelled just as a grenade landed at Abel's feet.

Abel grabbed the grenade and launched it back at the insurrectionist, it exploded in the air sending shrapnel in every direction. Abel just starting to crouch back down was hit by a shard, scarring his armor's shoulder plate, and forcing him to the ground.

Before Abel could stand Grace ran to him and began looking for injuries. Abel grabbed her searching hand and then pointed to his

scarred shoulder plate. Grace shook her head in amazement but ceased looking for wounds. Grace helped Abel stand and both returned to cover.

As Abel crouched back into cover to reload he saw a small pathway that led to the insurrectionists flank, signaling for Grace, Pillar, and Abram to follow him he made his way to the path.

"Tell Marik we are going to flank the rebels." Abel commanded Abram.

"Yes sir." came his reply, "He says to hurry they are suffering major losses on his side."

Abel nodded and began leading his squad towards the enemy.

A short walk later and they could hear the voices of the rebels, it sounded as though Marik's teams had thinned them down considerably. Abel signaled for his squad to stop, and then started to point out positions for them to take. When everyone got to their positions Abel gave them the signal to open fire. Gunfire ripped apart many rebels leaving them in a pool of their own blood. Body parts were sent flying by the violent force of the ODST weaponry.

What seemed like an hour, but was most definitely only a few minutes later, the rebels began to falter under the combined onslaught of the ODSTs. And one by one they started to run away from the fight. Many began throwing their weapons down and lying face down.

As the firefight began to steadily die down the other ODST teams began to push forward finishing off any resistance.

"Great work!" Marik bellowed as he took off his helmet, stepped up, and grabbed Abel's hand, "I'm definitely going to send in a recommendation for you."

"Thank you, sir." Abel replied, letting the corner of his lips move up a fraction.

Abel felt himself jerk back, and could see Marik's face turn to confusion and anger. Marik yelled something as Abel fell to the ground, but Abel couldn't hear it. Abel crashed to the ground, he couldn't hold onto consciousness, and fell into the darkness.

End
file.